CUM · EIS · ET · IPSI · POPULUS · EIUS

of the

COWLEY

ERUNT · ET · IPSE · DEUS · CUM · EIS · ERIT · EORUM · DEUS · Apoc. XXI. iii.

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN CONGREGATION OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

VOL. XXIX TRINITY 1958 NO. 3

COWLEY

A Quarterly Magazine of Subjects Missionary and Religious

Published by the American Congregation of the Society of Saint John the Evangelist, at the four seasons

The Society of Saint John the Evangelist is a Religious Community of Mission Priests and Brothers, serving the world-wide Anglican Communion in the United States, Canada, England, India, South Africa, Japan and the Bahamas.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. Post free, $1. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary of Publications, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts. Checks should be made payable to the Secretary of Publications. No charge for foreign postage.

EXCHANGE PUBLICATIONS and books for review should be sent to the Reverend Father Editor, S.S.J.E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

ADVERTISING RATES may be obtained by applying to the Editor.

THE HOUSES OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

The English Congregation

Oxford. The Mission House, Marston Street, Oxford, England.

London. St. Edward's House, 22 Great College Street, S.W. 1, London, England.

Indian Province. St. John's Mission House, Panch Howd, Poona (City) 2, India.

South African Province. The Mission House, 126 Chapel Street, Cape Town, South Africa.
P.O. St. Cuthbert's, Tsolo, C.P., South Africa.

The American Congregation

The Monastery of St. Mary and St. John, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 38, Mass., U.S.A.

St. John's Mission House, 33 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Nippon Province. St. Michael's Monastery (Oyama Shudoin), Oyama, Tochigi Ken, Japan.

The Canadian Congregation

The Mission House, Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada.

COWLEY

A Quarterly Magazine of Subjects Missionary and Religious

Miss Cornwall - Legh

COWLEY A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF SUBJECTS MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS

Vol. XXIX Trinity, 1958 No. 3

PAGE

THE LEPERS OF KUSATSU 96
By Br. Paul, Obl. I. W.

PEOPLE AT WORK AT WORSHIP 104
By Fr. Meredith Wood, Obl. I. W.

THOMAS MORE 108
Translated by Fr. Johnson, S.S.J.E.

COMMUNITY CHRONICLE 115

BOOK REVIEWS 118

ILLUSTRATIONS

Miss Cornwall-Legh Frontispiece

Burial vault of Miss Legh 97

Fr. Matsumura and group of Lepers 102

ADVERTISEMENTS 122

THE LEPERS OF KUSATSU

THE WORK OF A PRIEST-ASSOCIATE OF THE S.S.J.E.

BROTHER PAUL, Obl. I.W.

KUSATSU is a village in the high mountains of central Japan. From the main line of the railroad there is a branch line starting from Kazuiwizawa that takes six hours to travel thirty-six miles winding round the mountain slopes. There is only one sizable township, Kusatsu, among the wild grassy hills and charcoal-harvested forests. Here the railroad ends under the towering crest of Mount Shirane, a volcano that was last active in the 18th Century. In the center of this town, six thousand feet above sea level, is an area fenced off by stone railings, as here emerge from the fiery interior of the volcano several hot or boiling springs, strongly smelling of sulphur, visible by the bright lemon yellow deposit on the wooden chutes and pipes carrying away the water to the bath houses.

Also in this water there is iron, alum and arsenic, which accounts for these springs being renowned for healing skin diseases. This has attracted lepers to the district, but these unfortunates are only soothed, not cured, by the water. At least five hundred years ago lepers lived in the valley below the town where the still steaming water flows away to ths distant sea.

This old settlement in its squalor and dire distress is difficult to imagine now, but when one remembers that the disease produces blindness and the withering away of hands and feet, with hideous disfigurement, the procuring of food could not have been easy, nor cleanliness within their power. And this was in addition to any misery of loneliness that must have been as painful as the physical infirmities. However, two events, distant in time and place, were to be of incalculable value to these poor sufferers. The first occurred on the other side of the world when a baby girl was born in England in 1857, and christened Mary Cornwall-Legh. In her forty-third year she was sent by the S.P.G. to Tokyo as a self-supporting Missionary.

The other event, linked up with this in fifty-five years time, was the arrival of a Mr. Shukuzawa at Kusatsu. He had worked in Hawaii and knew the splendid work of Father Peter Damien

BURIAL VAULT OF MISS CORNWALL-LEGH.

From the left: FR. MATSUMURA, a Japanese Ordinand, FR. HARATANI, SSJE, and FR. YAMANAKA.

among the lepers, also the fine work of Miss Riddle at Kumamoto that she had started in 1890. Horrified at the neglected and awful condition of the unorganized lepers he appealed to Father Daito, an Episcopalian priest in Tokyo, as to whether he could stir the church to do something. He was sent to Miss Cornwall-Legh, now fifty-five years old. When she heard the facts, she immediately travelled to the mountain village, saw the conditions for herself. Returning she bought a house for herself so that she might live there and give up her whole time to relieving the sufferers. Very soon she had a small church built where Fr. Daito could come once a month to administer the Sacraments. Later she built a hospital from funds she had been given. In five years time she found a young man in Kusatsu who wished to be trained as a priest to work among the lepers. Mr. Yamanska was eventually ordained, returning to give his whole life to the lepers.

In 1937 the Japanese Government, perhaps made self-conscious by Miss Riddle's work in South Japan and Miss Cornwall-Legh's here, took over the care of all lepers in Japan. At Kusatsu a fine site was chosen for a new settlement two miles away from the town, on a high plateau with magnificent views on all sides. It is a complete township with shop, hospital, club rooms, schools, playing fields, post office and three places of worship: a Shinto Shrine, a Buddhist Temple and an Episcopal Church. Each of these was built at the expense of its own faith — the money for the Church was sent to Japan from America. However, there are no Shinto or Buddhist priests, the lepers performing the rites for themselves, but the Christians are well served by the St. Barnabas Mission to Lepers, now run by Father Matsumura, an Associate of the S.S.J.E. Despite the fact that the Government brought it to an end during World War II, after the fall of Japan, it has been reorganized and functions more vigorously than ever.

Miss Mary Cornwall-Legh labored here until her death ten days after the tragedy of Pearl Harbor, at the age of eighty-two. She was loved and respected by all, the lepers calling her by the affectionate title "Mother", while she called them the "children the Lord has given me". Among the many things that she did, regarded by the Japanese as especially heroic, was that she was accustomed to prepare the bodies of the Christian lepers for burial by her own hands, as nobody else would do this last service for them.

The Lepers of Kusatsu

In 1950 Fr. Yamanaka reached retirement age, although a very hale sixty-nine — the slopes of Mt. Shirane are famous skiing grounds and this old priest is one of the best of the "old hands" — so he handed his work over to Fr. Matsumura, who had long known the work, having come every month to give the old priest a little help. This younger priest had learned to sing Mass at the Cowley Fathers Monastery at Oyama, being one of the first Associates in Japan.

He delights to escort visitors over the Lepersorium, to talk about his work and the nobility of Miss Cornwall-Legh. On the way he shows them the two memorial stones that the grateful Japanese have set up in her memory. The first is in a small park, dedicated to her memory, a few yards up the hill. It contains a summer house and two high steles, each seven feet high. These monumental stones are set up in her memory, the first being engraved with a Japanese "Waka" or thirty-one syllable poem by the late Dowager Empress, written in her honor. While non-Christian in sentiment it expresses the purpose of Missionary labors — that they go forth to do the difficult and dangerous teaching of the Faith that stay-at-homes know must be done:

"tsurezureno tomotonartemo nagusameyo yukukoto kataki wareni kawarite"

"Go and help for me those who are suffering as I am unable to enquire after them myself." (Translated by Prof. Muto of St. Paul's University, Tokyo.)

The second stone has an engraved portrait of Miss Legh, the same as the large photograph of her now hanging on the roof beam, or central support, of the Lepersorium church. Beneath it is the account of her work at Kusatsu, having the quaint title "A Memorial Tablet To A Certain Lady" — presumably her English name could not be put into these classic Chinese characters.

The twenty minute walk over the rough road to the Settlement is interrupted by Fr. Matsumura asking his guests whether they would care to see Miss Cornwall-Legh's tomb. His voice was as full of eagerness that it was impossible to refuse, so, pressing through some shrubs he waved towards a large stone cubical vault. The Crosses on the neighboring grave stones and on top of the structure proclaim it Christian. The priest now hastened to open the double doors, revealing the interior fitted up as a little chapel,

with an altar, completed by candles and crucifix. With pride he proclaimed that a Mass is said here every Ascension Day in her memory, not, however, a Requiem, but white. As this chapel is half way between the Settlement and the town, it is possible for all to worship together there on this one day, which would have delighted her loving heart.

The last part of the walk is of rare beauty, tree clad mountains rising high on all sides. At the Settlement there are gates, with a guard in a little house, but strangely, no fence or wall to keep people from walking in or out. On inquiry one is told that none wish to enter unescorted, and no leper cares to walk out to see ordinary folk shrink from him.

From this high plateau standing a thousand feet above the valleys on each side, there is a massed effect of trees and flowering shrubs, among which the pink and purple of azaleas are the most impressive.

Of the thousand lepers dwelling here, two hundred are blind, One of the thousand lepers dwelling here, two hundred are blind, and fifty more are bedridden, either in the hospital or their own homes. Lepers are encouraged to marry here, or to bring a relative to keep house for them, so that a two roomed house becomes their home. Cut off as they are from the normal conditions of social life, they easily give way to despair, thus drinking and vices of all kinds find ready victims. But it has been found that encouraging them to have a home of their own, complete with garden, and a beautiful view, works wonders for their happiness. Those who are not married or have a relative, have to live in dormitories.

Among those home-owners are the only Europeans who live here. One young man developed the dread disease and his grandmother, aged fifty-five, voluntarily put herself in exile, cutting herself off from the society she knew and loved, to dwell here among the Japanese. They were treated with the greatest kindness, and although Christian, they were not Episcopalian; however Fr. Matsumura kept a kindly eye on them. So far they have lived here eleven years. It seems the young man put off revealing his disease until it was too late for a cure — this often happens — and now science can only relieve him.

Leprosy is not considered contagious except by blood to blood contact, but the automobile which conveys lepers to the Settlement

uses its back seat for lepers only, otherwise a non-leper would be horrified to ride in it.

The Father introduced us to a Japanese mother and son, who had given themselves up in time to the Authorities, and so could be cured, but they knew if they returned to their native village everybody would shrink from them — leprosy carries a moral taint, "wrath of the gods" — so they are living out their lives happily here. The man is a skilled carpenter, employed by the Settlement and his mother is glad to look after him.

An old blind woman was pointed out by the Father, walking with a friend to the church. He told us that she was now seventy-three, but had come here as a girl of seventeen, from a nearby village. She had been converted by Miss Legh. Ever since, she had been an active Christian Missionary, visiting homes to say prayers with the bedridden, and stir up interest for the church. Even though blind for the last few years her missionary activity had never ceased.

The visitor soon realizes that most lepers, at least the ones walking about the Settlement, accept their disfiguring disease and are not offended by staring strangers. Yet some pass with a cloth tied over their faces or as soon as level with one, turn aside their faces so that they cannot be seen. These gestures make one aware of the interior suffering of these people and make one long to reach out a hand in brotherly love.

It often happens that even though both or only one parent is a leper, some children entirely escape the disease, but they have to be removed soon after birth to insure this freedom. No provisions are made for them at the Settlement, so Miss Legh opened a home for the Christian ones near the town, naming it St. Margaret's Home after the compassionate Queen of Scotland. It was opened in 1925, enabling seventy children to enter normal life so far. The advance in medical treatment is illustrated by his remark of Fr. Matsumura's: "Three years ago there were three funerals a month, now there are only three funerals a year."

The priest and his flock take a great pride in their church, keeping it well cleaned and in good repair. As the lepers love singing, the Father has a Sung Mass every Sunday and on Greater Festivals. Communion in one kind is sanctioned by the Bishop for obvious reasons. There are the usual organizations for adults and children.

Fr. Matsumura with a Group of Episcopalian Lepers

The Lepers of Kusatsu

The Sanctuary carpet is a fine Persian rug, once owned by Miss Legh, surprising to see in the wild mountains of Japan. The vestments and the silver chalice and paten are gifts from America. In 1950 Fr. Matsumura wrote: "God's Help and Blessing we request for St. Barnabas Mission, as we feel it is not us but Our Saviour Who asks that you extend your hand to your fellow Christians."

Recently I received the following letter from Fr. M. Matsumura. It makes a good Postscript to my article:

Kusatsu, Nov. 20, 1957

Dear Brother Paul,

Please pardon me for my long silence, my only excuse is that my English is not good enough for writing. (This letter was written in Japanese and translated for me.) I still remember very well our climb to Mt. Shirane. It was early summer but the wind was strong and I felt chilly on the mountain top.

Father Mamanaka who acted as our guide is getting weak in these days. And he does not ski any more. He, however, is still a good friend to the patients and visits them often.

Since you visited Kusatsu three years ago, there are great changes at the Lepers' Colony. The church has been enlarged — the space is doubled — and the walls have been painted cream color. The new belfry is thirty feet high. The bell was given by the patients, the sound echoes to the mountains, calling everybody to worship. This is a great addition to the church.

The new Rectory and Church of St. Barnabas in the town of Kusatsu are nearly complete. The church will be consecrated on Dec. 6th, the Feast of St. Nicholas. Now my dream for thirteen years has been realized. The church is small yet beautiful. A stone from St. Agnes Church in Rome has been put in the Altar and a Crucifix from Jerusalem stands on it. We are very proud of them. The new epoch for evangelizing the town people is now starting. Remember our work in your prayers.

Please give my best regards to the Father Superior. I hope you will visit Japan again.

Yours sincerely,

Michael S. Matsamura

PEOPLE AT WORK AT WORSHIP

(being a sermon on the Divine Liturgy preached by Father Wood, Obl.I.W., in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, on Sunday, February 9, 1958).

THIS morning I shall speak primarily about one aspect of the great Service of Worship which we are about to offer to the glory of God. There are other aspects of course which we might consider, all of them important as indicated by the various names used by Christians for this service — the Lord's Supper, the Holy Communion, the Mass, the Eucharist, the Holy Sacrifice, the Holy Mysteries — each one bringing out a particular and proper emphasis. I shall pass them by, important though they be, to fasten upon the name used by Eastern Orthodox Christians who commonly call the service, "The Divine Liturgy".

Let us look for a moment at the meaning of the word "Liturgy". We quickly recognize it as the name used for the "form of service authorized by the Church in its worship". Let us not stop there but rather press on to discover the meaning of the Greek work from which "Liturgy" is derived. That word is "Leitourgia", originally a secular term used for the work or kinds of service offered by people for the common welfare of the Greek city-state, such as its defense, or education, or cultural growth. Liturgy, then, means "the work of the people". With that thought in mind, let us consider the way it is used by the Church.

The Liturgy is the church's central act of worship to be entered into by all the people of God as a common action. It is work we do together. Since it is the *Divine* Liturgy, it is work done in a Godward direction. It is our common enterprise in worshipping Almighty God, offered by priest and people, not by the priest for the people. This morning I should like to nail a great sign outside this Church proclaiming to every passerby: "People at work at worship. Come in and do your part."

If a stranger should enter in response to this invitation what would be observe? He would quickly see that much was happening, although it might well be bewildering without interpretation. Let us assume him to be a well-instructed, Catholic-minded Christian. First he would notice that while the action that was taking place was

common to the whole group, various persons had different responsibilities within the action. Each had his particular work or "liturgy to perform.

At the altar he would see a priest, first receiving the offerings of the people and then saying the great prayer of Thanksgiving to bless and consecrate them to the Lord. With him would be other ministers, each with his own "liturgy" to perform: the deacon assisting the priest and singing the gospel; the sub-deacon singing the Epistle and holding the paten; minor orders of servers — crucifier, thurifer, boat boy, candle bearers with their special duties or "liturgies", all working for a common end in the celebration of the Divine Liturgy.

So far we have said little about the work of the people in the nave of the Church, although it has been stated that this is an action common to all. Your part as lay people this morning certainly is of the greatest importance, for it must be remembered that the Divine Liturgy is a corporate action offered by *all* the congregation, and not something that is done by the priest alone. Some time ago, when I was headmaster at Hoosac School, a small boy, aged 10, was standing with me in the Sacristy of the School Chapel waiting to act as boat boy on a Sunday morning. An older boy who was to act as server said, "Barry, go see if the audience has come in". Quickly the youngster replied, "You *know* that Father Wood says we are a congregation and not an audience." I then asked Barry if we could tell the difference between the two. He thought for a moment and then said, "I think a congregation takes part in what is going on, but an audience just watches." That I think, expresses the matter very well.

Your work then, your "liturgy", is to share in all of the action of the Divine Liturgy, which is, as you know, a common enterprise based on the offerings of the people of God. Let us consider for a moment the offerings which we are about to make. First, there are gifts of bread and wine. It takes hard work on the part of many people to produce the bread and the wine we shall use — the farmer who grows the wheat and the grape; the miller and the vintner who fashion them into flour and wine; those engaged in transportation and selling; and finally, in the case of the altar breads, the loving work of the good sisters and associates at St. Margaret's Convent, who bake them for us.

There also are many gifts of money, large and small. These may well represent the faithful work of a clerk in a life insurance company, or of a lawyer studiously preparing a brief, or of a doctor making a night call, or of a teacher seeking to bring understanding to thirty children or more, or of a man operating a delivery truck in the snow, or of a bookkeeper wrestling with invoices, or of an investment analyst carefully studying business trends, or of a banker making helpful loans or of a host of other forms of useful service. How interdependent we are in everyday life!

There are in addition many other offerings, not directly associated with money, which we give from our hearts and which God alone can see. Think for example of the work women do at home, day after day:

> "One of the most difficult pieces of drudgery to invest with spiritual grace is woman's job of forever producing laboriously something that is destroyed in a fraction of the time it takes to put it together, and of which the debris must be removed afterward. Hardly are the lunch dishes done before it is time to peel the potatoes for dinner. And tomorrow the same; today's special effort cuts nothing off tomorrow's necessities. The engagement is fought daily but no ground is taken. Penelope's web is forever being unraveled. Rooms must be swept again and again."*

This work can be viewed either as a tiresome bit of drudgery to be got through as fast as possible, or as a sacramental act to be filled with the grace of the Almighty. Again, there is the work that is done with courtesy and integrity by men and women without thought of financial reward in office, factory and store. There are the young people in school who really seek to learn, do their homework faithfully, keep their social contacts on a high plane, help with the family chores, spend their money wisely. There are prayers said every morning and night, intercessions for others and for great causes, for world peace, for the suffering, for your clergy. All such can be work done for God that is full of grace! As St. Benedict told his monks:

"To work well is to pray, and to pray is to do good work."

As we celebrate the Divine Liturgy this morning, what gifts will God see placed on the altar? Bread, wine, money, many prayers, good deeds, a host of invisible gifts? I trust it will be a rich offering.

* The World in Tune, by Elizabeth Gray Twining, p. 58.

He alone knows, for He sees all, as He looks into every heart to gather the gifts that are there to be found. Yet even when we have given of our best, we know it is still not enough, for down deep in our hearts we want to offer God a *perfect gift,* and we cannot. It is then that Christ performs His own work completing ours. Here is Christ's own Liturgy, for it is He who comes to celebrate the Mass — where "two or three" or more are gathered together in His name. It is He who pronounces the great prayer of thankful consecration over our gifts. It is He who takes them and unites them with His own perfect Gift of Himself to Almighty God, "He in us and we in Him." Thus the great and loving Liturgy is performed by God's people.

Is it worthwhile for us this morning to work at worship in this way? Christians in every age have answered with a ringing "Yes" and they will continue to do so until the end of time. For Our Lord has given us His example and His command, "Do this in remembrance of me."

—o—

It seems that I should study Greek:
But when I try to learn its verbs,
They ever elude me,
Like little song birds
Twittering Singing
Whirling their wings, ever confusing me!

BROTHER PAUL, O.I.W.

The black Hebrew alphabet
Brings me a picture:
Dark stalwart men
Blowing in trumpets
Harshly resounding
Between mountain and mountain.
But these men
have all the power of the GOD OF HOSTS
behind their eyes!

BROTHER PAUL, O.I.W.

THOMAS MORE

Conclusion of a letter of Erasmus written in 1519 to Ulrich von Hutten. The translation below was made by Father Johnson, S.S.J.E. The first installment was published in the Christmas issue of COWLEY.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the time when he was occupied with such labour as I have described, he was diligent also in the directing of his soul along a path of holy piety, while in watchings, fastings and prayers, with other like exercises, he deliberated upon his desire for the priesthood. In this matter, to be sure, his conduct shows him to have been far wiser than most, who, casting themselves casually upon so exacting an estate, have attempted no foregoing experiment of their own fitness for it.

He married, however, after all, — quite a young girl, born of distinguished stock; her education up to the time of her marriage had been very slight, forasmuch as she had lived all her life in the country along with her parents and sisters; this made it to be the more possible for her husband to bring her mind and character into close conformity with his own. The establishment of this lady in the art of reading and writing he was careful to take upon himself; he went further, for it was under his tutelage that she became remarkable for her cunning in every kind of music; almost she had brought her skill therein to perfection; to have spent the rest of his life in her companionship would have pleased him well, had not a too early death removed her, still but a girl, from out the midst of her earthly affairs. She had given birth, however, to several children, four of whom are still living, — three girls, Margaret, Aloysia, and Cecilia, and one boy, named John.

Here I must explain that the loneliness of his bereavement was more than he could support for long, but the course which he so soon adopted was other than that which his friends had been advising him to pursue, for it was only a few months from the time of his first wife's funeral when he married a lady who was a widow, — rather in order that she might take care of his household than for the sake of his own pleasure, for in truth she was not extremely beautiful, nor any mere girl, as he himself, with his customary merriment, is ready to admit, but strict and wide awake for the orderly management of her home. With her, however, he has continued to live in unruffled, sweet good-fellowship, no less than had she been in truth a girl and ever so lovely to look upon. Indeed it may be doubted

whether there be any husband who, lording it over his wife with harsh severity, can have wrested from her by that means such constant compliance with his own wishes as this man, through his affectionate and mirthful method of persuasion, has secured for himself from his lady. And what should he not secure for himself from such a woman as he has brought her to be? Let it not be forgotten that, with regard to age, she was already upon the downward grade; added to this, her natural disposition is anything but mild; still more important to remember, her mind is set chiefly and with great intensity upon household matters; yet all this notwithstanding, he has contrived that she should learn to play upon the cithern, the lute, the monochord, and the pipes, and, in this manner of performance, that it should be her daily task to render back to her husband a selection determined beforehand in accordance with his decree.

With courtesy no less kindly than that which I have described he controls all the members of his household, wherein no tragedy is played out, nor any strife allowed to last; if any such should have chanced to arise, then either he mends the matter for quarrel forthwith, or hastens to bring discord to an end.

Never, moreover, has he dismissed any from his service so as to have made for himself an enemy thereby, nor ever, through enmity of his own, has he parted with any. But in truth it seems that some happy fate has blessed this house, wherein not one has ever lived who has not brought himself thereby to more fortunate estate, — wherein none has ever brought a blot upon the record of his own name.

I should tell you, moreover, that it would be hard to find any whose happy relationships with their own mothers is as complete as is this man's with his step-mother; for his father has been three times married, and, of the two good women who have in turn succeeded to the position of More's own mother, neither has been less dear to him than was she herself. Furthermore, while he never allows his love for his parents, for his own children or for his sisters to be troublesome to them in any way, yet it is always such a love as causes him to be punctilious in the pious discharge of whatsoever duty the closeness of his relationship to each one of those persons may impose upon him.

Nothing is farther from his mind than base greed of gain.

For his children he has set apart from his income what he thinks to be sufficient for them; what remains over he gives away liberally.

When he was still supporting himself upon what he earned as a lawyer, he gave friendly and trustworthy counsel to all and that with a view rather to their advantage than his own. He was wont to persuade most of those who consulted him to settle their differences between themselves in order that expense might be avoided so far as was possible; if he could not induce them to do this, he would show them by what means they might go to law at the least possible cost, since there are some who are so constituted that litigation affords them positive pleasure.

In the city of London in which he was born he acted for several years as judge in civil causes.* While this is by no means an arduous office, — for the court does not sit save on Thusrday before luncheon, — it is nevertheless one, which is held in very high honour. No judge decided more cases than he did, nor did any acquit himself with more irreproachable honesty. In most cases he surrendered whatever fees he had the right to claim from disputants; for example, when, before a case was tried, both the plaintiff and the defendant had deposited three shillings each, and it is not allowed that more should be demanded from either of them.

By this kind of behaviour he has made himself to be by far the most universally loved man in his own city. With such favour of fortune as this he had made up his mind to rest content, for his position gave him as much influence as he desired and was one which involved no serious risk.

Once and again he was sent abroad on an embassy. Since he performed those tasks which were entrusted to him with the utmost prudence, His Most Serene Highness King Henry, the eighth King of that name, did not rest until he had dragged him to his own court; and why should I not say "dragged"? for never did any man exert himself so actively to gain admittance to court, as this man did to avoid it.

But since the heart of the excellent King was set upon filling his household with men who were learned, serious minded, wise and of blameless character, More was the man among the many whom he

* More was under-sheriff.

has summoned, whose presence at the court he particularly demanded. The King so numbers him among his intimates that he will not bear to be without him. If there is need for grave counsel, no one is more able to give it than More; if it is the King's mood to unbend and to talk of things that are more amusing, no merrier companion than More is to be found.

It often happens that difficult questions arise which demand the judgment of one who is grave and far-seeing. Upon such matters as these More deliberates so as to allow each view to appear in its most favourable light. No one, however, has ever succeeded in persuading him to accept a gift from any. Happy would be any state in which the prince should fill all places of responsibility with men like Thomas More.

But with all this, his manner never comes near to being that of a man who is haughty or arrogant. Although busied with such a multitude of affairs, he is not forgetful of his old friends, and from time to time he seizes an opportunity to return to those literary pursuits which are so dear to him.

Whatever his own influential position may enable him to accomplish, whatever power he may possess through the favour of so mighty a King, is all devoted by him to the benefit of the state and to the bringing of help to his friends. His heart has always been filled with the desire to render service to all, and he has always been wonderfully ready to pity those who are in distress; he makes this kindness of heart to be all the more manifest now when he is more able than of old to be of service. To some he gives financial assistance; some he protects by his authority; he forwards the interest of some by his recommendation; to those whom he cannot help in other ways he gives encouragement and support by his kindly advice. Never has he sent any one away from him with a sad heart.

It might be said of More that he is the public protector of all who are in need. He reckons that a mighty reward has been bestowed upon himself if he has brought relief to someone who was in distress, if he has smoothed the path of someone who was perplexed and hampered, or if he has brought back into favour one who was in disgrace.

Nobody bestows a benefit more gladly than he; nobody is less inclined to take a wrong advantage of having done so. I should add

that although in so many ways he may be regarded as a very successful man, and although success is ordinarily apt to be accompanied by pride and boastfulness, it has never yet been my lot to meet with any one who was so far removed from that kind of fault.

But I must make some further mention of his interest in literature, for it was through this more than anything else that my own close intimacy with More was brought about.

In his early years he chiefly devoted himself to verse; later on he spent much time and pains in his endeavour to make his manner of writing prose to be more smooth, and developed his own style in compositions of very various kinds. Of what sort that sytle is there no need for me to attempt to describe, especially in writing to you, for his books are constantly in your hands.

Declamations were what chiefly pleased him, and therein he would deal with such subjects as are of a paradoxical kind, since this sort of thing gives more opportunity for the play of quick wit. And so, when he was very young he was already working upon a dialogue in which he went to the length of defending Plato's thesis of communal marriage.

He wrote a reply to Lucian's *"Tyrannicide",* in which dialogue he deliberately chose me as the opponent in order that he might be the more sure of putting to the test whatever success he had gained in this kind of writing.

His purpose, when he published his *Utopia,* was to show causes for certain embarrassments by which states are afflicted, but it was England that he particularly described, drawing upon his own large experience and exhaustive study of conditions in that country. The second part of that book he had written for his own diversion before he began the first; later on he added the first part, writing portions of it from time to time as matters presented themselves to his mind. This accounts for some unevenness in the style.

So happily does his tongue give appropriate expression to his shrewd wit, that it would be hard to find any one to surpass him for aptness in extemporary speaking. His wit is always with him, not only serving his immediate purpose, but also reachinng forward in anticipation of that which must follow. All is in order in his well stored memory. Since his memory has everything as it were arranged

in its place, it provides him propmtly with whatever the occasion or the subject demands, so that his speech is without hesitation.

In public dispuation nothing can be imagined which would exceed the subtlety of his argument, so that he makes it to be no easy task for even the most learned theologians to hold their own against him in the discussion of those subjects which belong to their own profession.

John Colet,* a man of shrewd and trustworthy judgment, has often been heard to remark, in his familiar conversation, that England contains but one single genius — and yet that island is well supplied with men of remarkable genius.

In the practice of true religious devotion More is assuredly no trifler, even though he be very far removed from any kind of superstition. He has his set times for offering to God his sacrifices of prayer, not as a customary observance merely, but in prayer that is brought straight from the heart. With his friends he speaks familiarly concerning the life of the world to come, and in such a manner that you would be convinced that he is speaking with complete sincerity and with the most assured hope.

Now that is the kind of man that More is, even in the Royal Court; and yet there are those who believe that Christians are not to be found save in monasteries.

Of such sort as this are the men whom the most prudent King admits to his own household — nay, further, into his private chamber; not only does he admit them, he invites them; nor does he merely invite them, he obliges them to come. Such are the men whom he has as the spectators, or rather as the constant witnesses of his own life; these are they with whom he holds consultation; these are they whom he has with him as his companions when he travels.

It is this King's pleasure to be surrounded by such men as these rather than by young men and loose-living women who have given themselves over to profligacy; rather than by men rich as Midas with their shoulders hung about with gold chains, or by flattering court officials; among whom there would be one who would be trying to divert him with senseless pleasures, another who would be kindling within his soul the ambitions of a tyrant, while yet another would be suggesting to him some new method by which he might fleece his subjects.

---

* Dean of St. Paul's, London.

Here is a court, my dear Hutten, in which if you had ever lived, I am well assured that you would write another book about King's Courts which would be quite different from that which you have written already, and that you would cease to hate Courts as you have hated them hitherto.

But, after all, that prince with whom you yourself are living, is as irreproachable as any that you could wish for, and you are not left without companions whose interests and desires are of the best sort.

And yet what are those few in comparison with so large a collection of distinguished men as that which I have in mind? Such men I mean, as Mountjoy, Linacre, Pace, Colet, Stokesley, Latimer, More, Tunstall, Clerk, and others like them? You have only to mention the name of any one of these, and you immediately suggest to the mind a whole world of ability and learning.

I myself, however, have quite a definite hope that Albertus may elect to bring into his own household the one man who at the present time is our Germany's singular ornament, together with others like him, and that by so doing he may afford an example for other princes, so that they also, each one in his own household, may take the pains to do likewise.

So you have here a picture, drawn from the best possible model, but ill copied by a very poor artist, a picture which will please you even less if it should ever be your good fortune to have more intimate knowledge of Thomas More than you have at present. In the meanwhile, however I have taken care that it shall be impossible for you to blame me for having failed to do your bidding, or, moreover, that you shall continue to complain that my letters to you are too short. Even if this one has not seemed to me, while I have been writing it, to be too long, and may not seem to you when you read it to be too long, yet I feel satisfied that you will decide that it is a long letter. For this the charm of Thomas More is responsible.

Farewell.

Antwerp, July 23rd, 1519.

COMMUNITY CHRONICLE

ON Tuesday, May twentieth, Father Williams, Superior of the American Congregation of the Society, with Fathers Gross and Smith, of the American Congregation, and Father Thornton of the Canadian Congregation, sailed for England from Montreal on the Steamship 'Empress of England'. They were accompanied by the Reverend Ernest O. Kenyon of Rockport, Maine, an Oblate of the Society. The Fathers are going as delegates to the meeting of the Central Council of our Society, which assembles every five years, and which this year is meeting at our Mother House at Oxford. Fathers Thornton, Gross, and Smith will be returning about August first. Father Williams will be conducting the Annual Retreat for the English Congregation at Cowley; and at the end of July expects to fly from England to Japan, by way of Copenhagen and Anchorage, Alaska. In Japan, he will be visiting our Fathers and Brothers in that country. He plans to be present at the consecration of our permanent chapel at St. Michael's Monastery, Oyama on August 12th; and to be at the Cathedral at Maebashi on August 15th, when five Sisters of the Japanese Community of Divine Charity (founded by Father Kimura of our Society) make their Religious Profession thus formally instituting this new Community. During the first week in September, Father Williams has been asked to conduct the retreat for 'Western' clergy at Seoul, Korea. The Father Superior hopes to be back home by September 25th.

Father Playne, formerly the Father Assistant Superior of the English Congregation, and until recently stationed at our Mission at St. Cuttbert's, Tsolo, South Africa, will be sailing for America with the Fathers returning home at the end of July. He expects to spend about six months in this visit to our American and Canadian Congregations, and to act as conductor of our Annual Retreats, to be held this year in October.

On our Patronal Festival, Tuesday, May sixth, our senior novice, Brother Philip Michael (Peter Eleonis, Jr.) made his first annual vows at a Mass sung at our Cambridge Monastery. The Brother will continue in residence at our Cambridge Mother House.

Father Palmer gave an address to the mens' club of the parish at Nanaimo, British Columbia, on the evening of April 8th. On the first two Sundays in May, he preached at Emsdale, Ontario, conducting a 'rural school of religion' at Grimsby, Ont. from May 5th

to 7th. He was at Whitefish Falls, Ont. from May 12th to 15th, and conducted a retreat for servers at North Bay, Ontario from May 16th to 18th. After that he returned to Cambridge, going to Englehardt, Ont. on July 8th.

Father Pedersen, the Vicar of St. Francis' Church, Chicago gave a week-end retreat for men at the De Koven Foundation, Racine, Wisconsin from April 11th to 13th. He preached a parochial mission at Grace Church, Freeport, Illinois from April 20th to 27th, and conducted a school of prayer at Emanuel Church, Rockford, Illinois from May 3rd to 6th.

Father Williams preached at St. Francis' Church, Chicago, on Low Sunday (April 13th). He acted as chaplain at a Priests' Institute held at Racine, Wisconsin, from April 14th to 16th, and presided at a meeting of the Chicago Catholic Club at St. John's Church, Irving Park (Chicago) on the evening of April 16th. This meeting was intended to promote interest in the Religious Life. Bishop Viall, S.S.J.E., Assistant Bishop of Tokyo, gave the principal address. Father Williams conducted a retreat for the All Saints' Sisters, at their convent at Catonsville, Maryland, from April 21st to 26th. He made a visitation to the convent of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, Willowdale, Ontario, during the week of April 28th.

Father Clayton spoke at the Congregational Church at Watertown, Massachusetts on April 13th. He preached at Shrewsbury, Mass. on May fourth.

Father Smith, in addition to his usual monthly visitations to the houses of the Eastern Province of the Community of St. Mary (of which he is chaplain), conducted a Quiet Day for the Church Service League at Swampscott, Mass. on May first. From May 2nd to 5th he was at the House of the Redeemer, New York City, conducting a retreat for women. He preached at Grace Church, White Plains, New York on May 11th.

Father Wessinger, Master of the Novices, conducted a student conference at the University of Maine, Orono, Maine, from April 18th to 20th. He was the conductor of retreats at Arlington Heights, Mass. from June 8th to 15th (for the Sisters of St. Anne), and from June 20th to 22nd (for Associates).

Community Chronicle

Bishop Kenneth Viall, S.S.J.E. arrived in San Francisco from Tokyo and Honolulu on March 19th. From March 20th to May 5th he was in the Middle West, occupied with many preaching and speaking engagements. During the month of May, he was in and around New England; and after trips through the South and a visit to the Pacific Coast, he plans to fly back to Japan, arriving in Tokyo at the end of July.

Father Upson, now stationed at St. Francis' Church, Chicago, gave a retreat for men of the Diocese of Indianapolis from May 16th to 18th. He conducts retreats at the Convent of the Transfiguration at Glendale, Ohio from June 17th to 22nd; and at Gibsonia, Pennsylvania from June 27th to 29th.

Father Appleton is now stationed at Tokyo, Japan, busily engaged in studying the Japanese language, in which, we understand he is making good progress. On Sundays he is responsible for services for Episcopalians at the U. S. Air Force Base at St. Patrick's Chapel, Tachikawa, a work normally carried on by Bishop Viall.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE INNER SEARCH by Dom Hubert van Zeller. Sheed and Ward, N. Y., 1957, 230 pp.

THE dust jacket states that the author, A Roman Benedictine, intended this book primarily for those entering the monastic life. For the layman, such as this reviewer, it is a difficult book to read and to judge. Each of the twenty-six chapters is quite brief and to the point, but each requires a great deal of quiet thought and contemplation. One is tempted over and over again to put the book aside and be satisfied with something less demanding than this inner search. And yet one is goaded on by the feeling, so convincingly presented by Dom Hubert, that it is the only worthwhile occupation in life. In Chapter I we find that it is an extremely lonely search:

> "We look for Christ in darkness, and in darkness He reveals Himself. We flounder in unsatisfied longing, and in our floundering we discover love. We think we have lost faith and hope, when in our seeming faithlessness and hopelessness we discover true faith and hope . . . But for all our failure to discover what we want, we do in the end discover one thing: we discover that the only thing in life which is worth doing is to search."

The theme of darkness is repeated throughout the book. Only when we are conscious of being completely lost in the dark can we be led to the light.

Halfway through the book the chapter on "Escape" shakes the complacency one might feel toward one's spiritual gains:

> "We tend to dwell to long upon the idea of finding rest in heaven and the sense of permanent belonging; too little upon the idea of heaven being a Person and belonging eternally to Him . . . Nothing so promotes self-deception as undisciplined desire. The appetites can create a sense of urgency and a sense of reality which are both quite untrue . . . It is not that such a man is possessed of insufficient faith. In a sense he is possessed of too much. He believes where there are no grounds for belief. He has substituted faith in himself for faith in God." (Chapter XVII)

In the first chapter he has told us that in the search we will find love, which is really all that there is to be found. There will be happiness too, but that will be incidental. In the last chapter he tells us that we will find that peace which the world cannot give:

Book Reviews

> "It is a curious sort of peace that our searching brings, and by the world it would not be called peace at all; it is the peace which you feel when you know you cannot do anything else but what you are doing, that there is nothing worse to be afraid of . . . Whatever life is like now, the time must come when your essential being will be caught up into your true vocation which is love. And this is peace." (Chapter XXVI)

The only chapters in the book which are not convincing are those devoted to the Blessed Virgin. The theme of *Per Mariam ad Jesum* as presented here is difficult to accept. It is also curious to note that except for a short footnote referring to St. Thomas Aquinas elsewhere in the book, it is only at the end of this section on the Mother of God that the author feels it necessary to list the books which he used as sources for the theological points he wishes to put across.

Reading this book is a deeply moving experience, although at times it is also a rather uncomfortable one. It deserves to be read by everyone who presumes to take his religious life seriously. And when one sees how serious and crucial is this inner search, the book becomes a consoling guide.

LAWRENCE GAYLORD JONES

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION. W. R. Matthews. Macmillan Co., New York. 1957. Cloth. 103 Pages. Price $1.75.

THESE little meditations by the Dean of St. Paul's have appeared in the columns of the London "Daily Telegraph". Very simple and practical, they offer us sound and helpful material to awaken and develop our own thinking. The style is rather monotonous and lacking in color. In fact, it is interesting to compare these selections with the material of religious columns appearing in the American press, to note the difference in popular appeal.

R. M. G.

THE PRIVATE PRAYERS OF LANCELOT ANDREWS. Edited by Hugh Martin, C.H., D.D., S.C.M. Press Ltd., London. 1957. Cloth. 126 Pages.

JUST the other day a prayer of Bishop Andrewes' was quoted in a syndicated column in our daily newspapers. This is surely evidence that at least some of the prayers of the Elizabethan Bishop still have an appeal for people in our own times.

This collection, carefully edited, with an interesting and informative introduction, has both historical and devotional value. The translation — that of Cardinal Newman, with but few slight corrections — is both clear and beautiful, as one would expect.

It must be admitted that, following the trend of the period, these prayers are for the most part intensely subjective. One is reminded of the old Puritan hymn:

> O God how wonderful art Thou
> What worthless worms are we!

This can grow rather monotonous for the reader however sincere the penitence may be, and one is tempted to wish that more often the great Bishop had turned from the sight of his own faultiness to the vision of God's merciful love. In the words of the translation of the ancient Latin hymn:

> Lift your hearts, then, to the skies
> God Himself shall be your prize!

Of particular value and interest is the meditation on the Ten Commandments expanding the scope of each to its widest intent: very searching and very moving.

R. M. G.

THE RISEN CHRIST by Caryll Houselander. Sheed and Ward Co., New York, N. Y. Cloth. 111 Pages. $2.75.

IN these beautiful and moving meditations on the Risen Life, Miss Houselander has fixed her gaze upon the great forty days following Our Lord's Resurrection. Most of that time, she reminds us, with the exception of those tremendous and dramatic incidents which we know and love so well, what occurred between Our Lord and His disciples is veiled in mystery and silence.

Yet the incidents which we do know, she points out, show us that "He came back from the long journey through death to give the Risen Life to be *our* life". And again, "the ultimate miracle of Divine Love is this, that the life of the Risen Lord is given to us to give one another". This Risen Life is passed on, by the members of Christ's Mystical Body, through love, and work, and sacrifice, and prayer, and suffering, for Him and with Him: "He in us and we

in Him". "In our communion with Christ on earth", she tells us, "we do reach each other through the span of the cross, we can love all men known and unknown, through loving literally with Christ's love".

Having endured suffering all her life in many and various forms, including the anguish of two World Wars at close range, and having worked among refugees and the mentally afflicted, Miss Houselander has a deep and all-encompassing compassion for "all sorts and conditions of men" which is very striking. Yet despite her extreme sensitiveness, which is a natural counterpart to her poetic and artistic temperament, she never descends to sentimentality or escapism.

Written shortly before Miss Houselander's death in 1954, this book is a precious legacy and a fitting "Nunc dimittis", to bring to a close her writing and her life. It is singularly appropriate that the last chapter should be entitled "Rest". May rest eternal be hers and may the everlasting light of the Risen Life of Glory shine upon her "cum sanctis tuis in aeternum"!

R. M. G.

WE SING WHILE THERE'S VOICE LEFT. Dom Hubert van Zeller, O. S. B. Sheed and Ward Co., New York. 1957. Cloth. 198 Pages. Price $2.50.

THIS is the fourth book in the delightful series of essays by Dom van Zeller, beginning with "We Die Standing Up". This collection, however, is in a sense less profound than some of its predecessors. It seems directed more especially towards the layman and the beginner in the spiritual life than the earlier books in the series. The material is always intensely interesting and practical in application and the approach fresh and arresting. Always the development of the inner life and the necessity of prayer as the foundation of the active life are emphasized. But the deeper problems of advanced prayer are not so much considered as in the former books of the series.

R. M. G.

Easy, interesting reading for lay people . . .

Father Spencer's

YE ARE THE BODY

History of the Church from the earliest times to the present

2nd Edition Cloth Pp. vii 378

Maps **Charts** **Index**

$4.00

HOLY CROSS PRESS

West Park **New York**

THE ANGLICAN BREVIARY

Containing Both the Night and Day Offices in One Volume

This book is printed on Warren's thintext paper, slightly tinted, in two colors, black and red, throughout the entire volume.

We can furnish books in the following bindings:

Black Fabrikoid	$20.00
Black Fabrikoid with gold edges, and six ribbon markers	25.00
Red Fabrikoid	22.00
Red Fabrikoid with gold edges, and six ribbon markers	27.00
Red or Black Leather with gold edges and six ribbon markers	50.00

It is sold only by the

FRANK GAVIN LITURGICAL FOUNDATION

MOUNT SINAI, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

The constant aims of the CHURCH companies:

- Dynamic, modern service to the Church and clergy
- Maintain through modest profits a steady contribution to clergy pensions

the **CHURCH** *Life, Fire and Hymnal Corporations*

affiliates of THE CHURCH PENSION FUND
20 Exchange Place, New York 5, N. Y.

ADOLPH A. ALLA CO.

Clerical Tailors and Outfitters

16 LINCOLN STREET, BOSTON 11, MASS.
(Corner Summer)

Telephone: HUbbard 2 - 7468

- Cassocks
- Birettas
- Hats
- Cloaks
- Rabat-Vests
- Suits
- Topcoats
- Overcoats
- Raincoats

CUM · EIS · ET · IPSI · POPULUS · EIUS

ECCE · TABERNACULUM · DEI · CUM · HOMINIBUS · ET · HABITABIT

COWLEY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE AMERICAN CONGREGATION OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

VOL. XXIX TRINITY, 1958 NO.